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THE PUNISHER
war journal
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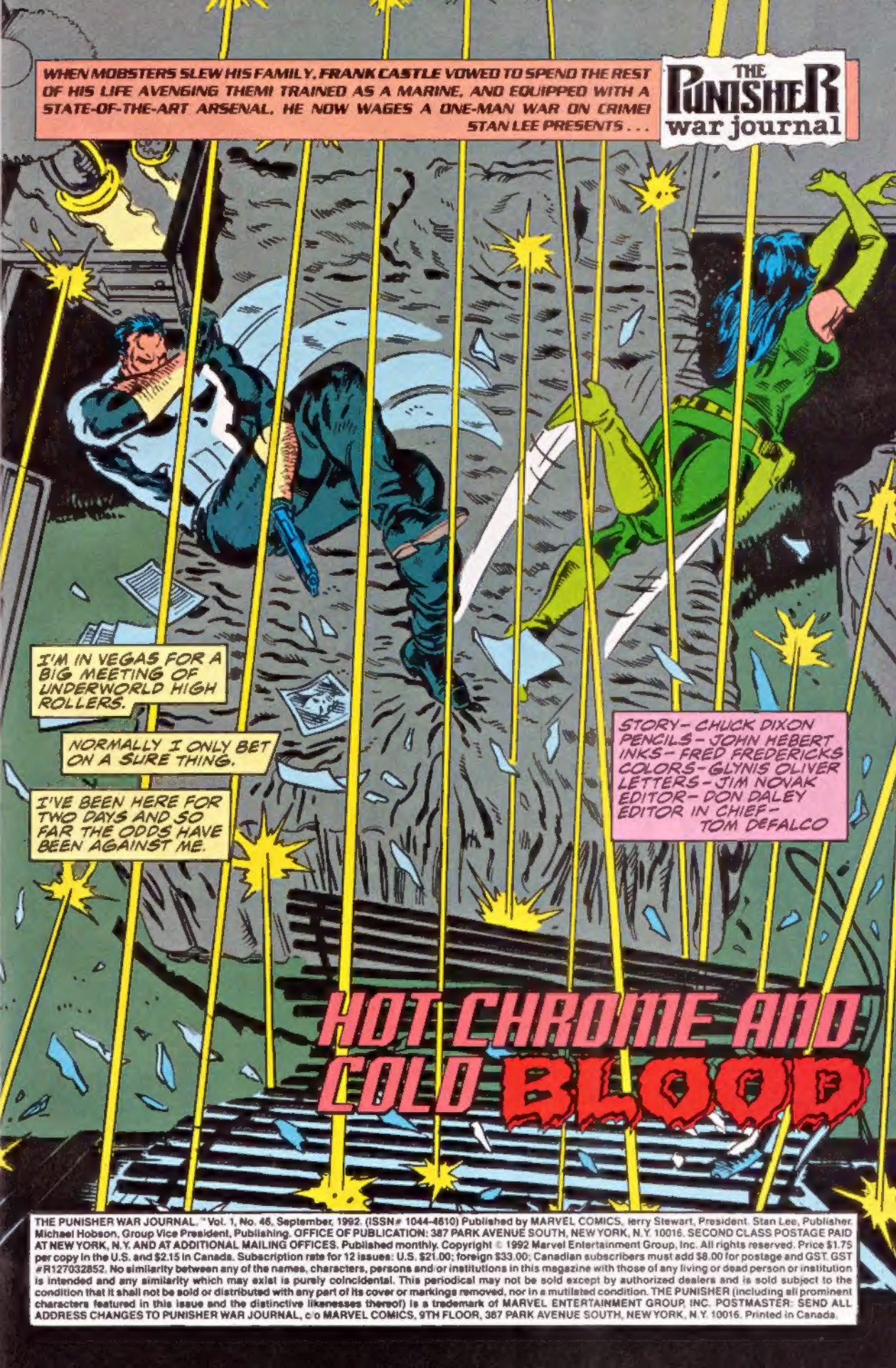

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CEASE FIRE, COMPADRES! YOU'LL DISTURB THE BABY!
ENOUGH SMALL ARMS FIRE. LET'S BRING UP SOME BIG GUNS. BRING ME JOE BLITZ.
BUCHANAN
HERE YUH GO, CHAINSAW. BIG JOE'S LOADED AND READY TO SMOKE.
OH YES.
YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
HAH!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
CHECK IT OUT.
WE KILLED THE PUNISHER. PRAETORIANS RULE.
SEE ANYTHING?
NOPE.

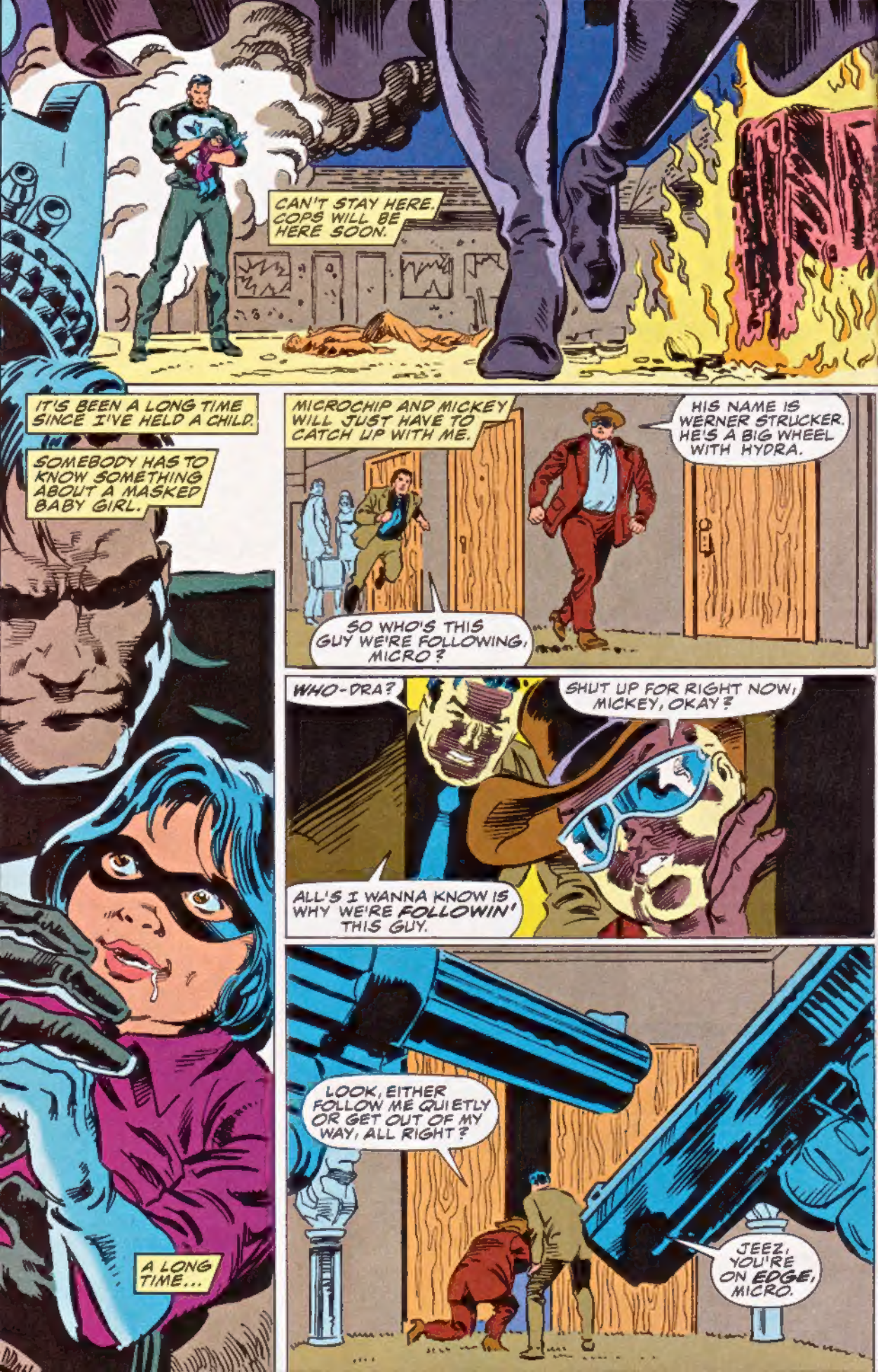
LOTS OF SMOKE. LOTS OF NOISE.
LOTS OF INACCURATE FIRE.
PRAETORIANS. BIKER TRASH. WHITE SUPREMACIST MORONS ON THE SECRET EMPIRE PAYROLL.
I'M ALMOST GLAD TO SEE THEM. NOW I KNOW THE TRIP OUT HERE WASN'T WASTED.
MY MYSTERY DATE STAYS FOR THE FUN.
SHE DIDN'T GET THAT PIECE SHE'S CARRYING AT WALMART. NOTHING OFF ANY ASSEMBLY LINE I KNOW OF.
IT'S STRICTLY A HIGH PRICED PROTOTYPE.
WHOEVER SHE IS, WHOEVER SHE REPRESENTS, SHE'S PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

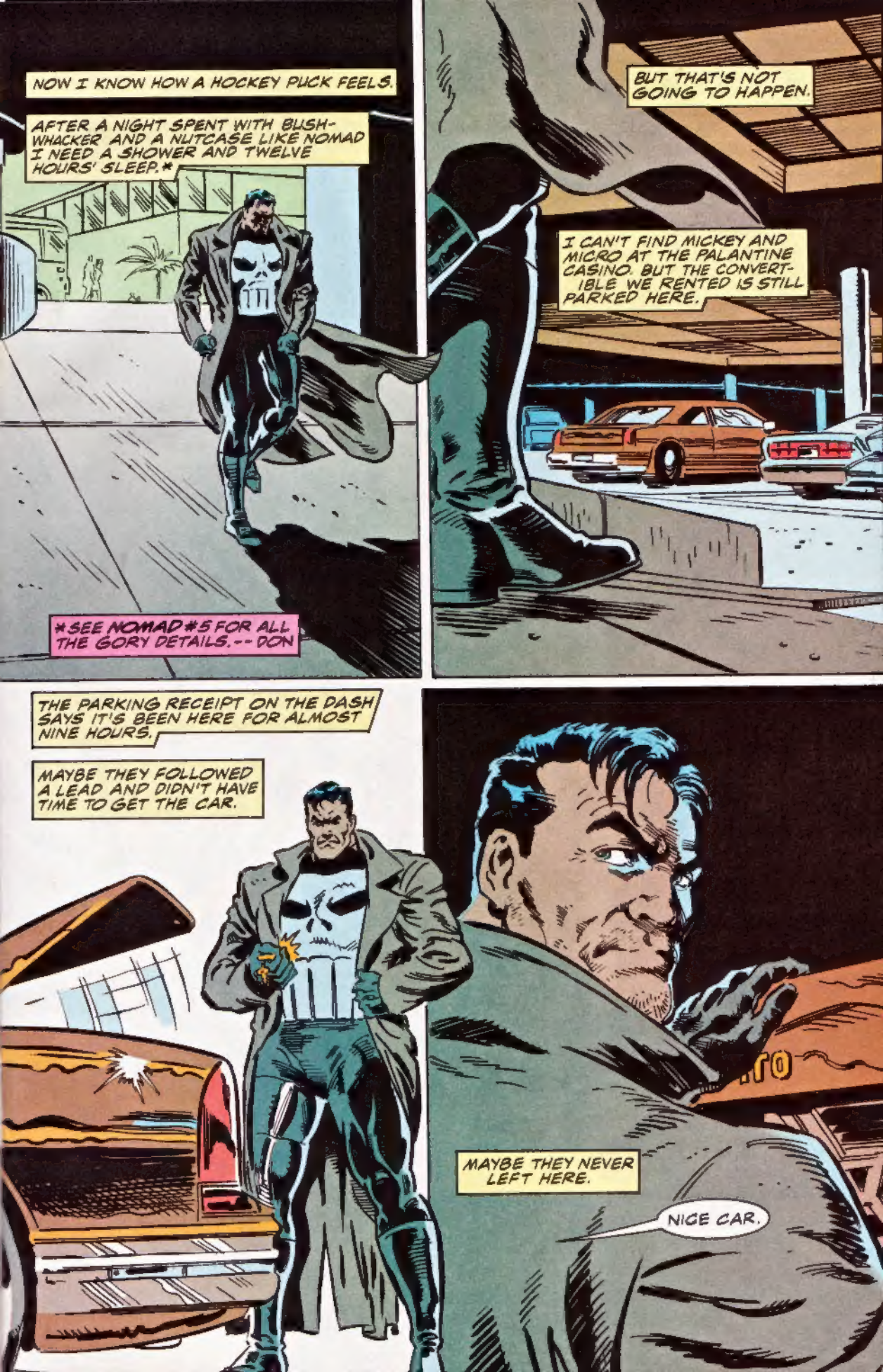
THIS AIN'T GOIN' RIGHT, BRO.
YEAH. IT WAS THE OTHER GUYS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE DYIN', MAN!
AW MAN, WHO'S THIS?
WHO CARES? HE'S ROADKILL!
SO, YOU'VE BEEN SENT TO KILL ME? YOU CAN'T DO IT, NO MATTER HOW MANY OF YOU CREEPS THEY SEND FOR ME.
CAN'T... BREATHE...
DON'T EVEN... KNOW WHO YOU... ARE...
WHO SENT YOU? STRUCKER? HAMMER?
I'M SILVERMANE!
NOBODY'S KEEPIN' ME FROM MY PLACE AT THE TABLE!

VRRRROWWWWW!
I'VE GOT A FILE ON THIS ONE. HE CALLS HIMSELF CHAINSAW.
I'D HEARD HE WAS DEAD.*
*SEE MARC SPECTOR: MOON KNIGHT #23:- DON
--EXCEPT FOR ONE LITTLE THING.
EASY ENOUGH TO CORRECT THAT--
WHRRZZZZZZZT!
A MASKED BABY.
WHOSE SICK IDEA WAS THIS?
YOU'RE A TOUGH ONE, PUNISHER.
LET'S SEE HOW TOUGH YOU ARE WITHOUT A HEAD!

ZZZIIIIIINNNG!
SPANG!
WHRRZZAZZAK!
WHUH?
I WAS AIMING FOR HIS HEAD.
YOWW!
BUT THIS WORKS TOO.
I FIRST SAW THAT BABY WITH BUSHWHACKER. NOW SHE'S WITH CHAINSAW. NOW IT'S MY TURN.
THEY'LL LEAVE A BLOOD TRAIL TO FOLLOW.
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

PUNKS!
BUMS!
I'M SILVERMANE! YOU CAN'T EVER KILL ME!
BOOOM
I DON'T KNOW WHAT SILVERMANE IS DOING HERE, BUT HE TOOK OUT THAT TRUCK AND GOT AWAY BEFORE THE SMOKE CLEARED. HE'S TOUGH.
PRAETORIANS. TOOLS OF THE SECRET EMPIRE.
YEAH? WELL MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME WHO PULLS YOUR STRINGS.
I AM A FREE AGENT. I PLAY MY OWN GAME.
WELL, I CAN'T GO BUSTING OUT THIS BIG CRIME CONVENTION YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT AND HAUL A BABY ALONG.
YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT KIDS?
THE CHILD IS YOUR CONCERN, PUNISHER.
DON'T LET SENTIMENT GET IN THE WAY OF YOUR WORK.


CAN'T STAY HERE. COPS WILL BE HERE SOON.
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE HELD A CHILD.
SOMEBODY HAS TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT A MASKED BABY GIRL.
A LONG TIME...
MICROCHIP AND MICKEY WILL JUST HAVE TO CATCH UP WITH ME.
HIS NAME IS WERNER STRUCKER. HE'S A BIG WHEEL WITH HYDRA.
SO WHO'S THIS GUY WE'RE FOLLOWING, MICRO?
WHO-DRA?
SHUT UP FOR RIGHT NOW, MICKEY, OKAY?
ALL'S I WANNA KNOW IS WHY WE'RE FOLLOWIN' THIS GUY.
LOOK, EITHER FOLLOW ME QUIETLY OR GET OUT OF MY WAY, ALL RIGHT?
JEEZ, YOU'RE ON EDGE, MICRO.

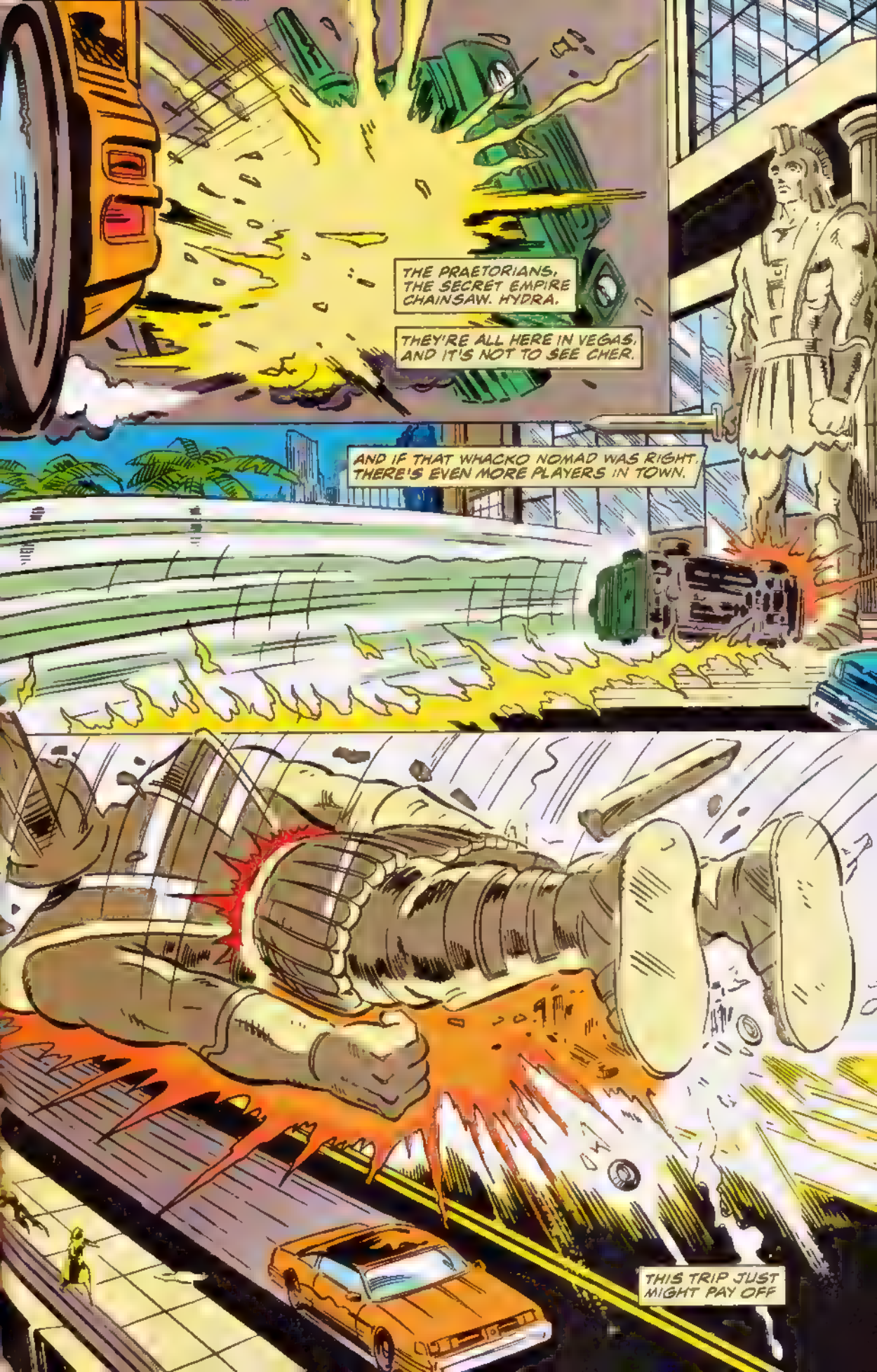

NOW I KNOW HOW A HOCKEY PUCK FEELS.
AFTER A NIGHT SPENT WITH BUSH-WHACKER AND A NUTCASE LIKE NOMAD I NEED A SHOWER AND TWELVE HOURS' SLEEP.*
*SEE NOMAD #5 FOR ALL THE GORY DETAILS.--DON
BUT THAT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN.
I CAN'T FIND MICKEY AND MICRO AT THE PALANTINE CASINO. BUT THE CONVERTIBLE WE RENTED IS STILL PARKED HERE.
THE PARKING RECEIPT ON THE DASH SAYS IT'S BEEN HERE FOR ALMOST NINE HOURS.
MAYBE THEY FOLLOWED A LEAD AND DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GET THE CAR.
MAYBE THEY NEVER LEFT HERE.
NICE CAR.

THAT CAR YOURS?
SEEMS TO ME A FAT GUY DROVE IT IN HERE.
AND HE HAD SOME GOOMBAH RIDING WITH HIM.
YOU WANT TO SHOW US YOUR TICKET, PAL?
OR MAYBE YOU WANT TO COME WITH US.
YOU DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE
I SHOW THEM THE TICKET.
I DON'T WANT TO GO WITH THEM.
AND A LITTLE TROUBLE SOUNDS GOOD RIGHT NOW

PALENTINE SECURITY
I SHOULD LEAVE ONE OF THEM ALIVE TO TELL ME WHERE MICRO AND MICKEY GOT TO.
YOU! STAND BY YOUR CAR WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
BUT I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE TIME TO TALK ANYWAY.
I'M TRYING TO REMEMBER IF WE TOOK THE COLLISION COVERAGE WHEN WE RENTED THIS CAR.

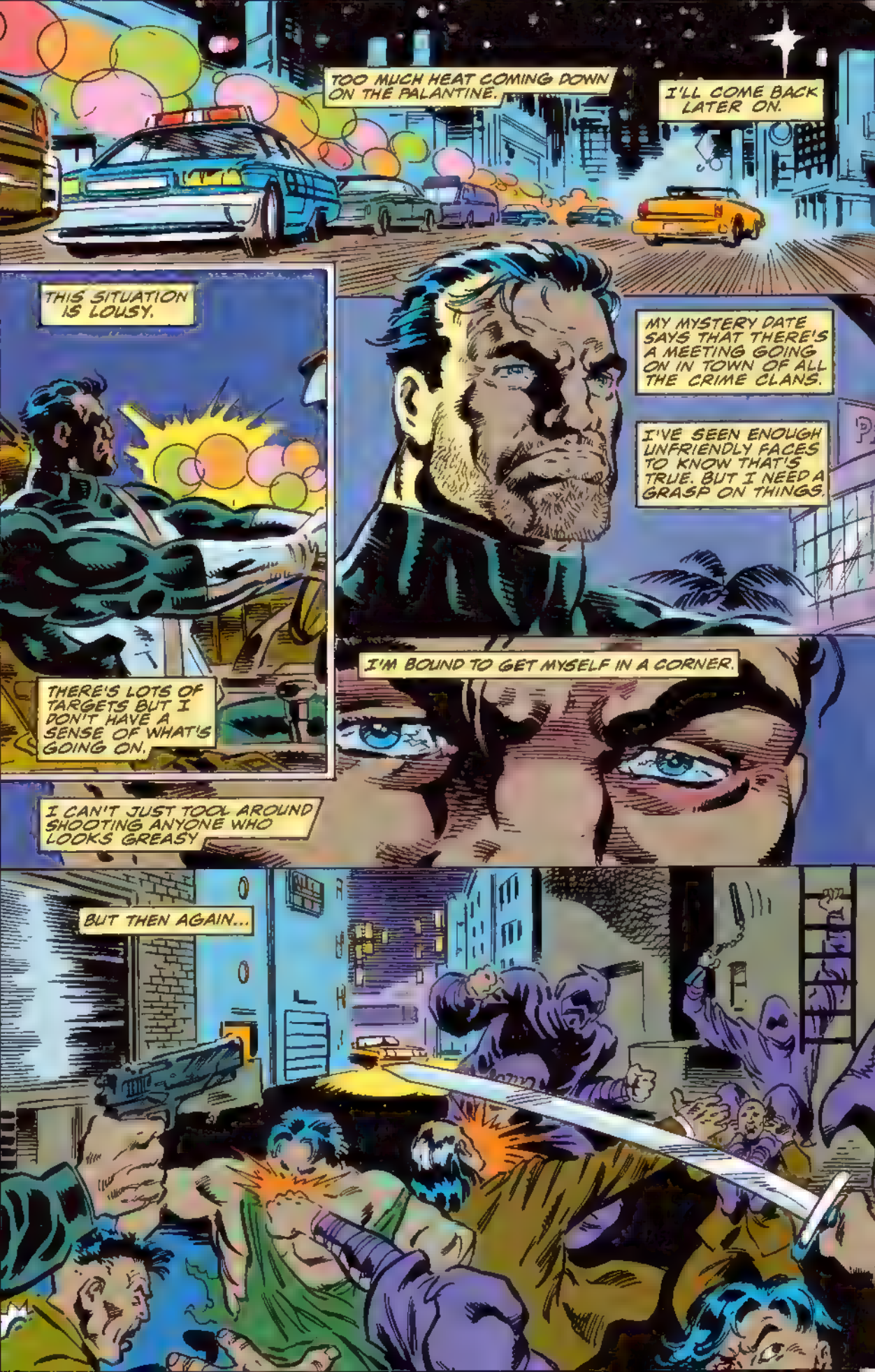
SO, YOU WERE FOLLOWING ME? WHAT IS YOUR INTEREST IN ME, HM?
I JUST WANTED TO SEE FOR MYSELF WHAT SORT OF MAN WE WERE DEALING WITH.
"WE"?
THE SECRET EMPIRE. I AM OF THE CIRCLE OF TEN.
UH...
WE BOTH ARE. I AM NUMBER FOUR AND HE IS NUMBER EIGHT.
OH.
DO YOU HAVE ANY PROOF OF THIS CLAIM?
HEY, WHADDYA WANT? A SECRET HANDSHAKE? MAYBE WE CARRY MEMBERSHIP CARDS? IT'S THE SECRET EMPIRE, PAL.
THEY'RE LYING.
PERHAPS. BUT WHAT IF THEY ARE NOT LYING? IF WE KILL THEM, EVEN DETAIN THEM, IT COULD CAUSE A RIFT BETWEEN HYDRA AND THE EMPIRE.
THE SECRET EMPIRE. HUH! POSERS AND PRETENDERS. THEY ARE A CREATION OF HYDRA. I SAY KILL THEM.
STILL...
I SAY WE STAY OUR HAND A BIT. SEE IF THEIR STORY PLAYS OUT.
I HAVE A FEW THINGS TO ATTEND TO. YOU CAN HANDLE THIS SITUATION FOR NOW.
WE GOT THESE CLOWNS SNOWED
SHUT UP.

THEY WERE WATCHING THE CAR
THAT MEANS MICRO AND MICKEY ARE IN TROUBLE
MICRO AND MICKEY KNEW THIS JOB WAS NO WALK IN THE PARK.
AND I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL.
BBC
CUSTOM COACH
TROY N.Y.
THESE GUYS ARE HYDRA. I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THEIR ORGANIZATION.
ALL I KNOW IS THEY'RE BIG AND THEY LIKE TO STAY IN THE DARK.
IF THEY'RE THIS OUT IN THE OPEN THEN SOMETHING MAJOR IS IN PLAY HERE.
JUST LIKE THE LADY SAID.


THE PRAETORIANS. THE SECRET EMPIRE CHAINSAW. HYDRA.
THEY'RE ALL HERE IN VEGAS, AND IT'S NOT TO SEE CHER.
AND IF THAT WHACKO NOMAD WAS RIGHT, THERE'S EVEN MORE PLAYERS IN TOWN.
THIS TRIP JUST MIGHT PAY OFF

I'M NOT HAPPY.
THIS ENTIRE CONFERENCE IS TURNING INTO A FIASCO.
WE ARE BEING PLAYED FOR FOOLS AT THE BARGAINING TABLE. EVEN SO SIMPLE A THING AS THE TERMINATION OF THE PUNISHER GOES BADLY.
WE STILL HAVE CARDS TO PLAY. THE WEEKEND ISN'T OVER
EXALTED NUMBERS, AN URGENT SCRAMBLED RADIO MESSAGE FROM AGENT ZERO ON LINE ONE.
ZERO, YOU'VE FOUND SOMETHING OF INTEREST?
TWO MORE MEMBERS OF THE CIRCLE OF TEN ARE WITH OUR HYDRA "BRETHREN".
WHAT?
NUMBERS FOUR AND EIGHT ARE HERE. VON STRUCKER IS NOT CERTAIN THAT THEY ARE LEGITIMATE. IS THEIR PRESENCE HERE AUTHORIZED?
I AM NOT CERTAIN...
PERHAPS THEY WERE SENT HERE BY NUMBER ONE.
I'VE NEVER TRUSTED FOUR. HE'S AMBITIOUS.
WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

WE ARE IN A NEST OF VIPERS. OUR OWN NUMBERS ARE TURNED AGAINST US; SEEKING FAVOR WITH HYDRA.
WE WILL GIVE CHAINSAW AND HIS PRAETORIANS A CHANCE TO REDEEM THEMSELVES.
DO NOTHING TO REVEAL YOURSELF ZERO. DO NOT PLACE TRUST IN EITHER FOUR OR EIGHT.
AS YOU BID, EXALTED THREE.
WE WILL SEND CHAINSAW AND HIS ANIMALS TO THE PALANTINE TO KILL FOUR AND EIGHT.
THIS WILL NOT BE VIEWED KINDLY BY NUMBER ONE.
SO?
WE WILL EXPLAIN THAT THE PRAETORIANS' ATTACK ON HYDRA WAS IN THE EMPIRE'S BEST INTEREST.
WE HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING THAT TWO OF OUR NUMBER WERE IN THEIR COMPANY. AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT.


TOO MUCH HEAT COMING DOWN ON THE PALANTINE.
I'LL COME BACK LATER ON.
THIS SITUATION IS LOUSY.
MY MYSTERY DATE SAYS THAT THERE'S A MEETING GOING ON IN TOWN OF ALL THE CRIME CLANS.
I'VE SEEN ENOUGH UNFRIENDLY FACES TO KNOW THAT'S TRUE. BUT I NEED A GRASP ON THINGS.
THERE'S LOTS OF TARGETS BUT I DON'T HAVE A SENSE OF WHAT'S GOING ON.
I'M BOUND TO GET MYSELF IN A CORNER.
I CAN'T JUST TOOL AROUND SHOOTING ANYONE WHO LOOKS GREASY
BUT THEN AGAIN...

SOMETHING POETIC ABOUT RUNNING DOWN JAPANESE GANGSTERS IN A DETROIT-BUILT CAR.
YAKUZA. THE JAPANESE MOB.
THE TATTOOS ARE A DEAD GIVEAWAY.
TAKE THE GUN-HANDS DOWN FIRST.
THE GUYS WITH THE SWORDS WILL JUST HAVE TO WAIT.

DON'T KNOW WHO THESE GUYS ARE WITH.
THIS IS A NEW ONE.
THEY JUST TURN TO SMOKE.
COULD BE I JUST NEED SOME SLEEP.
COULD BE SOME KIND OF NINJA TRICK.
I HATE NINJAS.

LOOKS LIKE A WAR WENT ON HERE--AND EVERYBODY LOST.
LOTS OF TOURISTS BUT NO THUGS.
GUNFIRE. AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.
WITH SO MANY NEW FACES IN TOWN IT'S NICE TO SEE SOME-ONE FAMILIAR.
SOMEONE I HAVE AN OLD SCORE WITH.
THIS GUY'S HARD TO SURPRISE. HE ALWAYS GETS THE FIRST SHOT.
IT'S HIM.
HE'S AS FAR OUT OF HIS NEIGHBORHOOD AS I AM.

BUT IT'S NOT HOW HARD YOU CAN HIT.
IT'S HOW HARD YOU CAN GET HIT.
HELLO, DAREDEVIL...
...SEEMS TO ME WE'VE GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS...
TO BE CONTINUED IN DAREDEVIL #309! AND BE HERE FOR PUNISHER WAR JOURNAL #47: FUNHOUSE!

PUNISHER WAR JOURNAL ENTRIES

DON DALEY
editor
TIM TUOHY
assistant editor

Attention Correspondents: All letters to be considered for publication must include your name and address though we will withhold that info by request!

Dear Don,

Mayerik and Fredericks work really well together in this issue. The characters really look fluid and the visual story telling is at a high point. I loved that the waitress in the bar, the blonde, was shown to be attractive, *and* old. She's worn out and that comes through in the art alone. Good job guys.

However, when the Punisher goes to the Cape after Valerian (the first gangster who gets his kidney replaced), he shoots the guard, the nurse, and Valerian. But then in the very next panel, we see Valerian outside the helicopter, unwounded, waving his fist at The Punisher. Well?

Heather Laing
143 cross street
Boise, Idaho 83706

Tranquilizers, Heather. The Punisher won't kill innocents. The guard and the nurse were both hired hands and while they *might* have been dirty, the Punisher couldn't have known for sure, so he left them unharmed. Valerian on the other hand...

Dear PWJ,

The cover for PUNISHER WAR JOURNAL # 43 is one of the best I've ever seen. "Rack 'em up." How perfect. Granted it didn't really have much to do with the story, only the scene in the bar, and there weren't even any people with ties on in the bar, but that doesn't matter. John Romita Jr. can do anything he wants, and it wouldn't matter. He's that good.

Chuck Spinner
34 Dessert Lane
San Diego CA 92175

We agree with you, Chuck, John Jr. is that good.

Dear Don and Tim,

The mob can't have doctors who will let them live longer. Just the idea sent shivers down my spine. Thankfully the Punisher stopped them before it was too late. I never want to see the Punisher stopped. He's too cool!

Do you think you can tell him that?

David Collap
(Address withheld by request)

Consider it done, David.

Dear PWJ,

Does the Punisher know how to do anything but kill? I was wondering because in Issue #63, he kills just about everyone.

Tim Jacobs
6754 Ocean Side Street
Ormand Beach, FL 32174

As we already said, Tim, the Punisher won't kill innocents. But the guilty, well, they're fair game.

Dear PWJ,

I've been reading PWJ for three years and I've never written in, because I'd never read anything that I really wanted to talk about. But that's not true anymore. PUNISHER WAR JOURNAL #43, "Adirondack Haunts," was the greatest story ever about the Punisher.

It had a special meaning to me, because I had my appendix out just two weeks ago. When the climber wakes up and looks into the mirror and sees his side bandaged, that's me. I can't get out of bed, without it hurting. But like him I do. However, that climber is really super tough that he's able to get up right after surgery, *twice!* But then I guess just to be in a Punisher book, you *have* to be tough.

Jason Karse
(Address withheld by request)

Hopefully, the loss of an appendix will be the last chunk of meat you ever lose, Jason. We hope you recover quickly.

As far as the characters in the Punisher books being "super tough?" Maybe. But one thing is certain – we *do* have a few "super tough" fans. Thanks for writing us from bed. For the effort, we'll be sending you a little something which we've been saving.

Dear PWJ,

I stopped reading the Punisher for a long while -- it got too tame. I'm glad that a co-worker of mine tossed me a copy of PUNISHER WAR JOURNAL during lunch recently. The Punisher is back. Glad to see it.

Scott Rendy
P.O. Box 946
Brunswick, ME 04011

And we're glad to have *you* back, Scott.

Dear Don and Tim,

I've been reading PWJ for some time now, and I've never written in. But when I read issue #43 I had to write. The art was just plain bad. And the writing was even worse. Tom, the guy who gets his kidney ripped out, is a joke. Forgetting the fact that he was unguarded, is it really plausible that he could get out of bed, find his file allowing him to find out that they were after his heart next, and do this all in the post operative fugue state he must have been in?

Kelly Bollo
(Address withheld by request)

It's amazing what can be done under stress, Kelly.

Do you want to see your letter in print? Good, because we want to hear from you. It's your letters which help us decide in what direction to take the Punisher next.

Here's the procedure for writing us:

1. If possible, type the letter; if not, please be as neat as possible. If we can't read it, we can't print it.

2. Include your address on the actual letter (at the top), as well as on the envelope.

3. Clearly state whether you would prefer your address not be printed; but keep in mind, you *must* include your address on the letter. We might want to mail you something – silver dollars, CD players, agnostic gospels, maybe even comics. You never know...